

Still...Just There

By Marla J. Deaton

The place where I come from
Doesn't beckon me
It's always just...there
Like part of my DNA
That never really goes away.

My hometown doesn't beckon
It's just there.
It just waits.

The places where I spent time
Have all changed hands in time.
But if I went back, I'd find
Nothing the same, except the name
Which always remains...unchanged.

As for me, it waits for my return.
Hoping to see what I've become.
For others, it's moved on
To bigger and better things.
But for me, it's still just...there
Wishing and hoping to see.
Trying to find out
What's become of me.